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Mount Caburn

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FREDERIC THOMAS BLANCHARD
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MOUNT CABURN.

A

POEM.

Humbly Inſcribed to Her GRACE

The Dutcheſs of *Newcaſtle.*

By WILLIAM HAY, Eſquire.

Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes
Angulus ridet. HOR.

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To Her GRACE

The Dutcheſs of *NEWCASTLE.*

MADAM,

A POEM, which is honoured with Your GRACE's Name, ſhould abound in Your own ſublime Sentiments, and be faultleſs as Your Character. Therefore, if it is an Error to publiſh a bad Piece to the World, it is certainly a much greater to inſcribe it to Your GRACE. The Reader may very juſtly be diſpleaſed with my Compoſition, but he will have more Reaſon to be offended with my Dedication. In the firſt he can only cenſure me for want of *Genius*; but in the laſt he may condemn me for Exceſs of Vanity. I can only ſay, That the leſs I deſerve, the more I ſtand in need of Your GRACE's Protection. This is the only Claim I can make to it. The following Lines owe their Birth to a Country, which You often honour with Your Preſence; and the Scene is laid on thoſe Hills, of which You are an Admirer. I ſhould be happy, if the Poem had as many Beauties as the Landſcape, and if You could find an equal Entertainment in both. When I ſubmit it to Your GRACE, I know that I ſubmit it to the moſt favourable Judge; not leſs indulgent to the Failings of Others, than inſenſible to Perfections, which are peculiarly Your Own: which would render the Generality of the World Vain and Arrogant, but only teach Your GRACE to be more Humble and Obliging. But, as I ſhould

eſteem

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eſteem it the greateſt Misfortune to incur Your Diſpleaſure, I ſhall forbear to expatiate on a Character, which adorns one of the firſt Stations of Life, and does Honour to the Fair Sex. I only wiſh, that the Ladies of the Age were as ready to follow Your GRACE in Your Great and Good Qualities, as they are to imitate Perſons of Your high Rank and Birth in Things of no Moment: For I am perſuaded it would be no Diſadvantage to any Lady, that is a Subject of GREAT-BRITAIN, to be like the Dutcheſs of *NEWCASTLE*.

THE following Piece is the Amuſement of ſome vacant Hours; and was writ with no other View than to celebrate my Native Country. MOUNT CABURN is a ſpiritleſs Imitation of COOPER'S HILL, a bad Copy of the nobleſt Original. This Proſpect does not afford a THAMES, a WINDSOR, or a LONDON, which are the peculiar Embelliſhments of the other, and Subjects worthy the great Poet who ſung them: But it affords a ſufficient Foundation, on which to have raiſed a fine and laſting Superſtructure, if the Work had fallen to the Share of a more skilful Artiſt.

I WILL trouble Your GRACE no longer with my Proſe; for I am ſenſible You will be too much tired with my Poetry.

I BEG Leave to ſubſcribe myſelf, with the greateſt Veneration,

MADAM,

Your GRACE'S

Moſt Obliged,

And moſt Obedient Servant,

WILLIAM HAY.

*MOUNT*CABURN.*

A

POEM.

POETS, who mean to ſoar no common Height,
From ſome aſpiring Mountain take their Flight.
Each riſing Step preſents a Scene that's new;
And Fancy ſtill enlarges like the View.
When COOPER's HILL receiv'd the tuneful Throng,
Sublime as was their Station, was their Song.
Me never ſhall the Muſes tempt from Home,
O'er HÆMUS, or o'er PINDUS Top to roam;
My Native Mount affords me more Delight,
Surpaſſing thoſe in Beauty, as in Height:
And, were my Powers but equal to my Will,
PARNASSUS ſhould not be a nobler Hill.

* A Hill, Part of the *South Downs* near LEWES in SUSSEX, from which there is a very extended Proſpect.

FROM this proud Eminence the raviſh'd Eye
Sees Earth with Heaven, and Heaven with Ocean vye,
To form a ſecond EDEN. Nature's Face
Wrinkled appears, but yet with youthful Grace.
Hills, ſmiling, court the Sky; the Vales below,
As with their Streams, with Plenty overflow:
Beauty and Plenty, dancing Hand in Hand,
At once conſpire to deck and bleſs the Land.
Beneath me, all around the happy Soil,
I ſee a Thouſand ſturdy Mowers toil:
Each ſeems, from hence, ſmall as the labouring Ant,
And, like him too, provides for WINTER's Want.
With bellowing Herds the neighbouring Mountains ring:
Corn ſtands ſo thick, the Vales and Peaſants ſing.
When AUTUMN turns the ripening Ear to Gold,
Gathering their Store, the ruſtick Tribe, behold,
Swarm thro' the ſultry Fields: the grateful Land
Anſwers the Reaper's Wiſh, and fills his Hand.
But earn'd by Labour, he deſpiſes Gain,
When he looks up, and ſpies the happier Swain
Stretch'd on the Mountain Top; (the common Fate
To envy Men of more exalted State)
To thoſe beneath, whom Care and Toil depreſs,
He ſeems a God in Height and Happineſs:
Above the Clouds appear his fleecy Care,
And, with the Ram, cœleſtial Honours ſhare.
Thrice happy Mountains! which no outward Storm,
Or foul Eruptions from within, deform.

No

No Rocks, like Rags in Poverty, they wear;
But a rich verdant Mantle thro' the Year.
Where moſt irregular, they pleaſe us moſt,
As Forms in graceful Negligence when loſt.
No Refuge yield to Bird, or Beaſt, of Prey;
Safe o'er them Flocks, with Swains as harmleſs, ſtray.
The Flocks ſo numerous, which they ſuſtain,
They cloath the Mountain firſt, and then the Swain.
Here, BRITAIN, view thy native Wealth, the Fleece;
As rich as that, which JASON brought to GREECE:
This as much ſought for now, as that of old;
And, tho' not Gold itſelf, produces Gold.

BUT now, my Muſe, conducted by my Sight,
Down to the * Wild directs her aery Flight.
Where Earth, the Emblem of her Maſter's Fate,
Both in his happy, and his fallen State,
Naked, like Innocence, here views the Light,
Like conſcious Guilt, there veils herſelf from Sight.
Nought we can here admire, or firſt, or moſt,
But in the gay Variety are loſt.
Nature and Art, uniting, yet at Odds,
Together blend the Works of Men and Gods.
Houſes and Trees, and Towns and Foreſts vye,
Which moſt ſhall charm, and moſt retard the Eye.
The Heath in Red, the Meadow clad in Green,
And Silver Stream, diverſify the Scene.

* The Low Incloſed Country.

Temples,

Temples, their Founders Piety proclaim;
And Caſtles ſpeak their impious Thirſt of Fame.
Here CERES promiſes a full Increaſe,
Pleas'd in a Land of Liberty and Peace:
SYLVANUS, there, tempts to his cloſe Retreat,
Shelter'd from WINTRY Storms, and SUMMER's Heat.

THIS Scene, how different in its priſtine State!
(What Fame reports, well may the Muſe relate).
* All was one wild inhoſpitable Waſte;
Uncouth and horrid, deſart and untrac'd;
Hid, by rough Thickets, from the Face of Day;
The ſolitary Realm of Beaſts of Prey:
After the weaker Kinds the Foxes ran,
Themſelves not yet purſu'd by craftier Man:
The Wolf, ſince baniſh'd, rul'd with lawleſs Might,
And, howling, added Horror to the Night.
'Till Man, at length, their ſecret Haunts explor'd,
And taught the Savage Race to know their Lord.
Then Induſtry, Earth's Handmaid, threw apart
Her rude Attire, and dreſs'd her Charms with Art:
From ſecond Chaos Order did produce,
From uſeleſs Things Things of the nobleſt Uſe.

HER buſy Hands, firſt, from the Cavern tore
† The rugged Oar, for Ages hid before.

* Suppoſed formerly to have been Part of the Foreſt of ANDERIDA. *Vide* CAMDEN in SUSSEX.

† There are many Iron Works in this Part of the Country.

This

This VULCAN purges, and the CYCLOP's Care,
Forms into Implements of Peace and War.
As doth one Buſh the Roſe and Thorn afford,
So the ſame Mine the Plough-ſhare and the Sword.
BRITONS may reſt ſecure from all Alarms,
Whilſt native Valour here finds native Arms.
Gifts, ſuited to each People, Nature gave,
Gold to the Vain, and Iron to the Brave:
Such Metals are the Treaſure of our Soil,
As guard our Perſons, not our Morals ſpoil.

NOR, Miſer-like, doth Earth her Wealth intomb;
Her Surface is more fruitful than her Womb.
Here ſtands the * Oak, which long hath Time defy'd;
The Work of Ages, and the Foreſt's Pride:
The Nobleſt of his Sons, and moſt his Care,
Doth o'er the reſt his leafy Honours wear:
We ſee in him, ſo proud, ſo ſtrong, ſo high,
An Earth-born Giant that invades the Sky:
His Top, amidſt the Tempeſt's fell Debate,
Like Fortune waves; his Trunk as fix'd as Fate.
In his Great-grandſire's Shade did Druids dwell:
His Grandſire with the ROMAN Empire fell:
Himſelf a Sapling, when his Father bore
Victorious HENRY to the CELTICK Shore.
Here, like a Friend and Guardian, doth he ſtand,
At firſt to Grace, and then Protect the Land:

* The Growth of this Country is the moſt eſteemed for the Uſe of the Navy.

For, when Fate ſummons, from the long-known Wood,
With Honour he deſcends into the Flood;
Bears BRITAIN's Warlike Youth the Globe around,
And brings them back with Wealth or Glory crown'd.

BUT here my Fancy doth my View prevent,
Firſt launching on that Azure Element,
Which ſeems, from hence, to the miſtaken Eye,
Part of a brighter Cloud, or darker Sky.
Stupendous Cliffs, whoſe Heads OLYMPUS greet,
Frown on its Waves, which humbly bathe their Feet.
ALBION, high rais'd, looks like the Soveraign King,
To whom the Seas Homage and Tribute bring;
The Seas, which cut him from the Continent,
His Bound, his Empire, Guard, and Ornament.
Divided from the World, united ſtand
Within thyſelf, thrice potent happy Land:
To Hell drive Party-Rage, and Faction foul;
As one compacted Body, be one Soul.

IF FAME ſpeak Truth, ere mighty JULIUS came,
Or fabled BRUTE, or BRITAIN had a Name,
Here a high chalky * Iſthmus Paſſage lent
From this our World into the Continent.
Over this Bridge, from GALLIA, did repair
All that from Eaſtern Climes firſt harbour'd there:

* *Vide* CAMDEN in *Kent.* & *Verſtegan, Cap.* 4.

Man,

Man, with a numerous Train of every Birth,
That ſtately walks, or lowly creeps the Earth.
They came; but never to return again;
For ſoon the potent Ruler of the Main,
Indignant longer ſuch Reſtraint to bear,
Or round cold ORKNEY's Coaſt to drive his Carr,
With his huge Trident cleft the maſſy Pile,
And in his Arms embrac'd his favourite Iſle:
Gave her to rule the Deep, as far as flow
His briny Waves, or angry Winds can blow.
And now her dreaded Fleets, at her Command,
Herſelf acceſſleſs, viſit every Land;
To every Nation make her Proweſs known,
And all the Product of the World her own.
Not greater Treaſure Ocean's Boſom hides,
Than in her Veſſels o'er its Surface glides.
Here have I ſeen, when Diſcord EUROPE rent,
(BELLONA raging on each Element)
So many Ships, teeming with foreign Stores,
Steering their Courſe unto AUGUSTA's Shores,
As hid the liquid Plain: to diſtant View
Their Maſts appear like Woods, where firſt they grew:
Their Guardian Convoy, freighted for the War,
High o'er the reſt exalts himſelf in Air;
With Flags diſplay'd, and with his Canvas ſtrung,
Rides like the Silver Swan amidſt her Young.
Then might LEVIATHAN, with vaſt Surprize,
A Creature ſee, of more enormous Size,

Move

Move in the Deep, whoſe pregnant Womb doth hold
More Warriors than the TROJAN Horſe of old;
Who from a hundred Mouths in Thunder roars,
Burſts the ſurrounding Clouds, and frights the ecchoing Shores.

HOW dreadful is the Combat on the Main!
In ghaſtlieſt Shapes where Death and Horror reign;
Where Men with fiercer Elements conſpire,
Joining their Rage to that of Seas and Fire.
Nor Flight, nor Valour, from Deſtruction ſave,
One Lot involves the Coward and the Brave.
Sometimes one fatal Blow decides the War;
All ſink in Waves, or mount on Flames in Air,
The Ship their Funeral Pile, or elſe its Womb,
As once their Habitation, is their Tomb.
Often in Crowds theſe conſcious Shores have ſeen
Our Fleets engaging in this awful Scene:
Have ſeen ſecure; but did the Waves upbraid,
That ſtopp'd their Valour, and their friendly Aid:
While thoſe, who in the Toil and Glory ſhare,
To BRITONS ſhew, what BRITONS only dare:
Viewing their native Land, they ſcorn the Grave,
Ready to yield her back the Life ſhe gave:
Their Friends to witneſs their bold Actions call,
Pleas'd in their Sight, and in their Cauſe to fall.

HAD ancient BRITONS thus been skill'd in Fight,
They had reſtrain'd the ROMAN Eagle's Flight;

Ambitious

Ambitious CÆSAR ne'er had reach'd this Shore,
And ſhewn his Troops a World unknown before.

FAR to the Eaſt, but almoſt in my View,
There is the Place where firſt thoſe Eagles flew:
Where naked BRITONS did his Power oppoſe,
And ſhew'd arm'd Legions no inglorious Foes:
Then mighty CÆSAR might relate at ROME,
He came, he ſaw, but could not overcome:
For Liberty long reſolute they ſtood,
And were the laſt the ROMAN Arms ſubdu'd.

LOOK where I will, ſome Marks yet riſe to Senſe,
Of ROMAN Valour and Magnificence.
Square Camps diſcover ſtill the Scenes of War;
Cauſeways their Zeal for publick Good declare:
Struck with Amazement, doth the labouring Hind
Their Arms, and their MOSAIC Pavements find;
Urns, which have long their ſacred Aſhes kept;
And CÆSARS, which on Coins have Ages ſlept.

BUT Time, which ſets all worldly Things their Date,
To GOTHICK Rage gave up the ROMAN State;
Then barbarous SAXONS did this Iſle invade,
And conquer'd thoſe, whom they engag'd to aid.
Scarce in the Eaſt had HENGIST fix'd his Power;
When Warlike ELLA landed on this Shore.

Far as my Eye can reach, his Sword ſubdu'd,
Unjuſtly dy'd in harmleſs BRITAIN's Blood:
A ſecond Kingdom did his Arms procure,
Which bore a * Name for ever to endure.
But when he viſited theſe bleſt Abodes,
He baniſh'd Truth, and brought in his falſe Gods:
Temples no more reſound th' Almighty's Praiſe;
To THOR and WODEN every Altar blaze:
His PAGAN Rites did ELLA's Zeal advance;
Great was his Power, and great his Ignorance.
From that Time CISSA, potent ELLA's Son,
Long rul'd in Peace the Realm his Father won:
Weſtward his Seat of Empire and of Fame
He choſe, where ſtill the † Town preſerves his Name.

BUT in the Times ſucceeding to theſe Reigns,
Contending *Saxons*, and invading *Danes*,
Whoſe Law was Force, whoſe Property was Spoil,
With War and Rapine vex'd this fertile Soil.
Where is the Field, the Foreſt, or the Wood,
But ſtill is richer with our Father's Blood?
Where is the Sea, the Fountain, or the Rill,
But flows ſtill conſcious of ſome mighty Ill?
This Mount to Mind domeſtick Diſcord brings;
For in a SAXON Camp my Muſe now ſings.

* The Kingdom of SUSSEX, or SOUTH-SAXONS, the Second of the Heptarchy.

† CHICHESTER.

The

The Hills high Tops ſad * Monuments remain,
And riſe ſtill nearer Heaven with Heaps of Slain.
Why Graves ſo eminent did Warriors chooſe?
Was it ſome uſeful Precept to infuſe?
Would they their Sons with Martial Glory fire?
Or by their Death more peaceful Thoughts inſpire?
The curious Antiquaries with Surprize
View their odd Armour, and Gigantick Size,
And us their Modern Pigmy-Race deſpiſe.

TURNING my Face unto the Morning Light,
An Antique † Pile ſalutes my roving Sight:
Whether of ROMAN, or of later Date,
Remains a Secret, which the Learn'd debate.
Once a fair Port inrich'd the fam'd Abode;
But Herds now graze, where Royal Navies rode:
For, like ambitious Princes, Earth and Main
Contending, make each other's Loſs their Gain.

HERE with his Powers the haughty NORMAN came;
Conqueſt his View, the Diadem his Claim:
The Will of EDWARD his pretended Right;
But his beſt Title was ſucceſsful Might.
Scarce ſtood his Soldiers on the promis'd Land,
But their great Leader, by a bold Command,

* The Bergs or Burying-Places, to be ſeen on the Summits of many of the Hills, *Vide* VERSTEGAN, *Cap.* 7.

† PEVENSEY CASTLE.

Aiming

Aiming a deſperate Courage to inſpire,
Bid them look back, and ſee his Fleet on Fire;
Shew'd them their Hopes in Victory alone;
And that his Lot muſt be the Grave or Throne.
By eaſy Marches to the * Town he came,
Which from the DANISH Pirate takes its Name;
(Firſt of thoſe Siſter † Ports, which ſince aroſe
The Nation's Guard againſt invading Foes:
Whoſe Naval Services, in Ages paſt,
Kings paid with Honours, which ſhall ever laſt)
HAROLD, whoſe Sword yet reek'd with NORWAY's Gore,
Crown'd with freſh Laurels pluck'd from HUMBER's Shore,
Found here the other Rival of his Fame,
The ſame his Cauſe, he hop'd th' Event the ſame.
Bloody the Strife, nor ſmall the Victor's Gain;
They fight a Crown to guard, or to obtain.
But Heaven and Fate determin'd near this Place,
To end the Glories of the SAXON Race:
Still the proud Ruins of the ‡ Abbey tell,
Where WILLIAM conquer'd, and where HAROLD fell.

THIS Fabrick on the Spot the Victor built,
T' appeaſe juſt Heaven for Blood unjuſtly ſpilt.
But may his Piety this Offering claim?
Or did it ſpring from Love of worldly Fame?
Since the ſame Work, that ſhould his Guilt attone,
A Trophy ſtands to make his Glory known.

* HASTINGS. † CINQUE PORTS. ‡ BATTLE ABBEY.

Oh

Oh Vanity! can the ſame Deed be thought
Impious and Brave, an Honour and a Fault?
Or by our Gifts can Heaven's eternal Will,
Like Judges brib'd, be taught to wink at Ill?
Oh Ignorance of thoſe deluded Times,
That thought Saints Prayers could expiate Sinners Crimes!

BUT now my Muſe, by quick Poetick Flight,
Doth leave theſe Ruins, and on nearer light:
Where a fam'd * Abbey, of a later Date,
But the ſame Order, ſhar'd her Siſter's Fate.
(Nor theſe alone, but each Monaſtick Cell,
Sunk, when their Parent Superſtition fell.)
Wide o'er the Vale its rude Remains are ſpread:
Above, the Caſtle rears his aged Head;
As much decay'd; his Origin the ſame:
Each is a Monument of † WARREN's Fame.
Theſe the great Founder hop'd, but hop'd in vain,
Should ſafe, whilſt flow'd the neighbouring Stream, remain.
The Stream, which through the verdant Paſtures ſtray'd,
The riſing Fabricks then with Pride ſurvey'd:
Paſſing the ruin'd Dome, and ſinking Tower,
Now mourns the faded Glories of his Shore:
Whilſt his own Current ſtill the ſame doth laſt;
So much Man's Works by Nature's are ſurpaſs'd.

* LEWES ABBEY.

† The firſt Earl of SURREY. *Vide* CAMDEN in SURREY and SUSSEX.

The Caſtle, once its mighty Lord's Abode,
Preſſes the Mountain with a uſeleſs Load;
Dreadful its high-rais'd broken Walls impend,
Threat'ning to cruſh the Town they did defend;
And o'er the People ſudden Ruin ſpread,
Like Infants by their Nurſes overlaid.
And lo! the Monaſtery's ſacred Wall,
A Neſt to Ravens, and to Herds a Stall.

In this Receſs the hooded Fryar lay,
Diſſolv'd in Eaſe, and ſlumbering Life away:
Luxurious far'd, his Mattins duly ſaid;
Sung o'er the Dead, and on the Living prey'd:
The ſupple Layman treated as he pleas'd,
Tortur'd with Penance, or with Pardon eas'd:
To Poverty the Gates of Heaven were barr'd;
But for the Rich to enter was not hard;
Brokers in Sin did their Aſſiſtance lend;
Who paid the Monks, never could God offend:
They to Religion blind, but worldly wiſe,
For Lands and Houſes barter'd Paradiſe:
Unlearn'd, and skill'd in pious Frauds alone,
They gave us Heaven, to make the Earth their own.

To them theſe fair Poſſeſſions Warren gave,
Reſerv'd a Pardon, and a ſainted Grave.
But long the Pile hath been by Time o'erthrown;
His Tomb is vaniſh'd, and the Place unknown.

He,

He, whom th' adjacent Tracts did once obey,
Here lies a Piece of undiſtinguiſh'd Clay:
How is his Glory fled, who now is grown
Part of the Field, which once he call'd his own!
O all ye Rich, ye Fortunate, ye Great,
Can ye be proud, and think of WARREN's Fate?

FAR happier thou of DENMARK's Royal Race,
Whoſe great Remains a neighbouring * Temple grace!
Where the informing Stone ſtill takes a Pride
To tell thoſe Virtues, which you ſtrove to hide:
Who from the World did prudently retire,
And all that Grandeur which the Vain admire;
And to high Titles, Dignity and Blood,
Prefer the nobler Praiſe of being Good:
To watch thy Urn may Angels never ceaſe!
And may thy honour'd Duſt long reſt in Peace!

BEYOND: the Hills an even † Carpet ſpread,
Tempting their Sons to ſport upon their Head.
See! the light Riders on the well-bred Horſe
Spring from the Goal, and urge the rapid Courſe:
So inſtantly they gain upon the Way,
That Time itſelf flies not ſo ſwift as they:
The Silver Mew, which skims the nether Air,
Seems tardy on the Wing, when they are near:

* St. JOHN's CHURCH, in which is to be ſeen the Monument of a DANISH Prince, whoſe Epitaph is recorded in CAMDEN.
† The HORSE-COURSE.

Forward

Forward they preſs, while Shouts aſcend the Clouds,
'Midſt Chariots, neighing Steeds, and gazing Crowds.

DIFFERENT the Conteſt was, the Place the ſame,
(The * Place, which bears the Captive Monarch's Name)
When hapleſs † HENRY, too imperious Lord,
Here loſt his Liberty, but ours reſtor'd.
Thence firm the long-conteſted Charter ſtood;
Which ENGLAND purchas'd with her Nobleſt Blood,
And ever will eſteem her Nobleſt Good.
The greater EDWARD did this Grant approve,
And fix'd his Empire in his People's Love.
He knew (as all recorded Times have ſhown)
Invading Subjects Rights, Kings loſe their own.
‡ Still may we bleſs the Day, when on this Plain
The Tyrant broke his Rod, the Slave his Chain.
Then LIBERTY did higher Thoughts impart,
And with more generous Courage fire the Heart.
Then PROPERTY, ador'd by every Swain,
Advanc'd with laughing PLENTY in her Train.
Juſtice prevail'd, Oppreſſion fled the Field;
Law was a Curb to Might, to Right a Shield.
The reſcu'd Nation ſmil'd, whilſt all around
She ſaw the foreign Realms in Fetters bound;
Nor thought ſhe did too dear thoſe Bleſſings gain,
Which ſhe enjoys ſecure in GEORGE's Reign,

* Called MOUNT-HARRY. † HENRY the Third.

‡ See M. RAPIN's Remarks on this Event in his Hiſtory of ENGLAND.

Which

Which FREDERICK's Virtues promiſe long ſhall laſt,
And future Times be happy as the paſt.

BUT if this Hill one King did Captive ſee,
A neighbouring * Town ſince ſet another free.
When to her Shore, CHARLES, like a Hart purſu'd,
Fled from the Hounds late fleſh'd with Royal Blood.
By Stratagem eſcap'd his Father's Fate,
Transform'd from regal to a low Eſtate:
For furious Storms the ſtately Oak o'erthrow,
Whilſt humble Shrubs beneath in Safety grow.
Here, from the kind Protection of the Wood,
He came, imploring Mercy from the Flood:
Bear me, he cried, from that inhuman Band
To foreign Air, and a leſs guilty Land:
Meanly diſguis'd the Royal Exile went;
And ſoon th' offending Nation did relent;
The injur'd Prince, whom they expell'd before,
Recall'd in Triumph to his native Shore:
So from the Eclipſe breaks the returning Light;
So ſets the Sun, to riſe again more bright.

RETURNING thence, behold a mould'ring † Tower
Receives my Muſe, and claims one Labour more:
Whoſe Walls the myſtick Buckles ſtill adorn,
A Royal Spoil from GALLIA's Monarch born.

* BRIGHTHELMSTON, from whence CHARLES the Second eſcaped after the Battle of WORCESTER.

† LAUGHTON, the ancient Seat of the PELHAMS, *Vide* CAMDEN. It now gives the Title of a Baron.

Whoe'er did thus the ancient Structure grace,
What could he hope more Noble from his Race?
Little he knew, that as the Pile ſhould fail,
Its riſing Titles ſhould o'er Age prevail:
Or that his Trophies ſhould, in Time to come,
Be hence transferr'd to WINDSOR's ſacred Dome;
There, high advanc'd, immortal Glory ſhare,
And take new Luſtre from the Silver Star.
When in the Elyſian Plain ÆNEAS caſt
His Eyes on ROMAN Heroes as they paſs'd,
His Thoughts in ſecret Extacy were loſt;
But great AUGUSTUS fir'd his Soul the moſt.
So could ſome Anceſtor, who to that Plain
From hence deſcended, thence return again,
And from the ſolemn Ruins of this Place
View all his numerous and diſtinguiſh'd Race,
Chiefly on him with Tranſport would he gaze,
Whom o'er the reſt ſuperior Honours raiſe,
The faithful Stateſman by his Prince approv'd,
The generous Patriot by his Country lov'd.

BUT 'tis not mine to celebrate each Name,
Long ſince inroll'd in the Records of Fame.
Vain the Attempt, and endleſs were the Toil,
To ſing the ancient Heroes of this Soil;
Whoſe Praiſe ſhall long my feeble Lay ſurvive,
And in their Progeny for ever live;

Well

Well worthy of the Stock from whence they grew;
Who with their Honours ſhare their Virtues too:
For without Virtue what is Noble Birth?
Or what high Titles, if eſtrang'd from Worth?
A Gilded Idol, and a Baſtard Gem,
Which Fools admire, and which the Wiſe contemn.

NOT with more Pleaſure, o'er the fruitful Grounds
Where he was bred, the untam'd Courſer bounds,
Than o'er this Landſcape I in Fancy ſpeed,
Convey'd exulting on the Muſe's Steed.
A happier Paradiſe to me this Place,
Than EDEN to the Parent of our Race;
For when he view'd his Subject World around,
All one ſad ſilent Solitude he found:
I find, where-e'er my raptur'd Sight I bend,
Some kind Relation, or ſome honour'd Friend:
Remarking here each well-known Spot can tell
Where Truth, where Honour, where Good-Nature dwell;
And trace Religion to her private Cell.
Can ſee where ſecret Merit ſhuns the Day;
And where Ten thouſand Charms in Ambuſh lay.
Where can the God of Love find keener Darts?
Or where employ them on more generous Hearts?
Such matchleſs Beauty, and ſuch manly Worth,
JOVE and ASTRÆA might recall to Earth.

WITH what Regret I quit the ſmiling View,
For ever pleaſing, and for ever new!
The more I look, the more I am amus'd;
So MARO charms a thouſand Times perus'd.

OH! may ſome Bard, more favour'd of the Nine,
Thy Glories paint in an immortal Line!
His Fancy bear Reſemblance to thy Clime,
Rich as thy Vales, and as thy Hills ſublime!
His Strains more laſting than thy Oaks abide!
And his ſmooth Numbers like thy Currents glide!
Then all thy Deeds and Monuments of old,
Which the Eye ſees, or babling Fame hath told,
When ſinking underneath the Weight of Time,
Again ſhall riſe, and flouriſh in his Rhime.

PERHAPS he'll ſay, viewing my Cell beneath,
(Where I began, and where will ceaſe to breathe)
Here liv'd the Man, who to theſe fair Retreats
Firſt drew the Muſes from their ancient Seats:
Tho' low his Thought, tho' impotent his Strain,
Yet let me never of his Song complain;
For this the fruitleſs Labour recommends,
He lov'd his native Country, and his Friends.

FINIS.

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